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PONTIERS.

The Answered Prayer.

BY MRS. SARAH C. EDGARANTON MAYO.

I prayed for Beauty—for the magic spell

That binds the wisest with the potent thrall;

That I within fonda human hearts might dwell,

And share the fairest in the festal hall.

I would have seen the lordliest bend his knee,

The lowliest bow, overawed by my charms;

While he long had vainly leved—Ah, he

Subdued, should clasps me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit waved his wing,

Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;

And passing years but darker shadows fling

Upon the cheek where ears had left its trace.

My prayer, if heard in heaven, had been denied;

No heart bows humbly 'neath my beauty's sway;

And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,

With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for Riches, oh! oh! for lavish wealth,

To pour in golden showers on those I loved—

I would have gladly spent my youth and health,

Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.

I prayed for Riches, that before God's shrine

I might with gifts and costly presents kneel;

And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine,

Too poor to show the luster of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not—and the liberal deeds

My heart desired, my hand must fail to do,

And though o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,

In vain the aid of magic gold I wo.

The poor may plead to me for daily food,

And these I love in daily want may pine;

I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,

But other gifts that this can never be mine.

I prayed for Genius—for the power to move

Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn wills;

To execute the holy deeds of love,

And light truth's fires upon a thousand hills,

I prayed for eloquence to plead the cause

Of human rights and God's eternal grace;

To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws;

And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe

No portion of the first that burns within;

In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreath;

In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.

Fowlers my words upon the air float by;

And wrong and crime dislodge the weak crusade;

While vice gleams on man with exultant eye,

And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for Peace—for strength to hear,

The keen privations of my humble state;

For patient faith to struggle with despair,

And shed a brightness o'er my love estate.

I prayed to be content with humble deeds,

With "widow's mite" and scanty charities;

To follow meekly where my duty leads;

Though through the lowliest vail of all it lies.

This prayer was answered; for a peace divine

Spread through the utmost depths of all my heart;

That since that blessed lot was mine.

Which fell on her who chose the latter part.

What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name?

What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?

To do my duty with a willing mind.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY H. R. ADDISON, ESQ.

I never recollect a warmer enthusiast than Professor Leyden. When he spoke he seemed to forget all other worldly circumstances, all other subjects, save the one engrossing topic on which he was engaged. His eye, widely dilated, saw no object save the bright imagery created by the fertile brain. His voice was impassioned. His every pulse beat high. The professor, at the time I speak of, was just two-and-thirty, and ranked himself as the very leader of Gall and Spurzheim's energetic disciples. On the subject of phrenology he was discoursing when I entered the dining-room of Baron Hartmann.

It was a fine summer evening. Strawberries and other fruits decorated the board. The well-iced Johannistieg, the cellar cooled Lafitte, stood temptingly on a table, around which a dozen young men, with the worthy baron and the professor sat.

It appeared that, in the height of his enthusiasm, Leyden had, to please the company, examined their heads, and with many wise looks pressed the bumps, which he declared to be the unerring indications of the human character and passions. Some unfortunate wight in company had evidently shocked the examiner by a demonstration of wicked propensities, for he strenuously refused on this occasion to pronounce upon the several organs, declaring he 'might give offence,' he 'might be wrong,' 'indeed it might appear ridiculous' in short, after making several excuses, the professor sat down in meditative silence nor could he again be brought to speak, save and except upon the general merits of the system, a subject on which he never failed to enlarge.

It is a curious fact that I never in my life

heard the subject of phrenology broached without a laugh being raised at its expense, which very naturally annoys the supporters of this theory, and brings the warmest arguments. It was a discussion of this kind that probably had raised the fire which flushed the cheek of Leyden on the evening of which I speak.

The conversation had now taken a new channel. A dreadful murder had been committed in the neighborhood of the Black Forest. A young girl had eloped from her parents some weeks before. The companion of her flight was supposed to be a young man who had been staying in the neighborhood; he had disappeared about the same time. She had just been found savagely murdered, while the supposed partner of her guilt had reappeared, and declared that he had with difficulty escaped from the hands of bandits, who had, without apparent motive, seized any imprisoned him. To prove this, he showed several severe wounds which he had received in a successful struggle he had with the gang in his endeavor to liberate himself.

This story had been repeated with painful minuteness by Carl Hoffmann, a handsome young man, who had lately arrived at Baden, whose mild and gentlemanly manners had already won for him the golden opinion of all the society assembled there. No one was more pleased with him than the old baron. It was even believed that he ranked high in the good old man's opinion, that it was rumored he had proposed and was actually accepted by Clara Hartmann, with the full sanction of her father.

As a narrator few could excel him. His vivid descriptions lent life to histories; and when he chose (as on the present occasion) he could harrow up the nerve of even the most sympathetic, by depicting horrors in their most glaring, most appalling collars.

One burst of indignation, as he concluded, bespoke how truly he had interested his audience. A thousand execrations were heaped upon the head of the unhappy youth, who appeared plainly, incontrovertibly, from the details given by Carl, to be the perpetrator of the bloody deed.

"I'll go to see his execution myself. I could enjoy the death tortures of such a wretch," indignantly exclaimed the Prince of Olseback, a young Russian, as he took a pinch of snuff, and handed to his next neighbor his splendid box which dazzled the eye by the richness of the diamonds encasing it. "If such a wretch existed on my estates, I'd have him racked."

"And well would he deserve it—a cold-hearted, cruel assassin," chimed in another.

"May he be punished in the world to come!" fervently ejaculated Carl.

"Nay, nay, said the old baron, 'that is saying too much. It is true that man deserves an earthly punishment; but you are allowing your anger against me, my dear boy, to carry you too far.' And the old noble god-naturally patted Carl on the arm.

The various subjects were discussed and argued; but during the whole evening Leyden spoke not a word. At last the hour for breaking up arrived; and according to etiquette the prince moved first. Ere he did so, he requested the return of his snuff box. The person to whom he had handed it declared that he had passed it to the next, who in his turn denied all knowledge of it, as did the rest of the company.

Every one had seen it, every one had handled it, but none could now produce it. The room was searched, the servants had not even entered the apartment, the door had never been unsealed, none had stirred from the table. The affair began to wear a serious aspect. The old baron felt his honor was wounded, but still hoped it might prove to be an ill-timed pleasure.

"Gentlemen, some person amongst you has doubtless concealed the box, intending thereby to give our illustrious friend a fright, and in good faith he deserves it for thus carelessly forgetting to look after a trinket said to be worth 50,000 dollars; but as he seems really uneasy about it, I must beg the person who had taken it instantaneously to return it and confess the joke."

And the noble effaced to laugh. None, however, responded, and the noble saw with increased uneasiness that he must take up the matter more seriously.

"My friends, you cannot feel offended when I offer myself as the first person to undergo the ordeal, an ordeal I almost blush to say we must all submit to. We must be searched!" None, but the guilty can be annoyed at this proposal!

Carl Hoffmann started up. "By Heavens, I'd sooner die."

Another was of the same opinion, and objected to undergoing such an operation, which at the very least implied a doubt.

Poor Hartmann looked like a ghost. His glared appealingly towards Leyden, who now rose.

"Let the door be locked," said he, in a grave voice; "let it be well secured!" This was done.

"Now, gentlemen, you must either acknowledge the correctness of the measure I adopt, or I, the disciple of a juggling science, perish!" and he drew from his pocket a small pistol. "Nay, start not, my friends, against myself alone I mean to use this weapon, and that only in case

I wrongfully accuse an individual now present. You may remember before dinner that I phrenologically examined you all. There was little to say about you generally; but there was one among you in whom I could not be mistaken—one who I wished not to have named, whose presence ever since has made me shudder. I see the gentleman to whom I allude already turn pale. Nay, attempt not to smile. I am either a villain for allowing a false theory to mislead me, or you, Carl Hoffmann, are both a robber and a murderer!"

A thunderbolt would have caused less consternation. The baron started up in rage and agony. The prince believed the professor had suddenly gone mad; while the others looked with searching glances alternately at Leyden and Carl. The former had coolly resumed his chair—the latter sat pale, immovable. What could it mean?

Old Hartmann was about to speak in no gentle terms to the man who thus insulted his future son-in-law, when, waiving his hand, Leyden quietly added "Search him."

The baron, in his eagerness to defend his protege, at once flew to do so. Immediately the snuff box fell on the table. The worthy old man sank overcome in a chair. In the breast pocket of Carl's blouse he had found the box, which the other had unreluctantly allowed him to draw forth.

For a few moments there was a dreadful death-like pause. The party seemed petrified, while the trembling Carl seemed to struggle with his feelings. At length, as if suddenly awoken, he started up, and incoherently pronounced—

"The hand of God is on me! I would, but I cannot fly his judgment. Professor Leyden speaks the truth. I am a robber and a murderer!" Under the name of Gratz I wooed and won the peasant maid of whom we spoke just now. In madness I espoused her. Tired, however, of her in a few short days—of being tired for life to one uneducated and low-born—hearing that Clara Hartmann possessed unbound wealth, and knowing that my rustic wife alone presented an obstacle to my wedding this fair heiress, I slew her—aye, cruelly slew her and caused her lover to be seized, to turn the finger of suspicion towards him. Had he not fled, to-morrow he would have been stabbed—as for robbery, I can only say I long have had a bold band, whom even now I'll not betray, altho' they'll laugh at me with scorn when they first hear how foolishly I fell into the hellish net that Satan laid for me, and call me fool for having the power to resist temptation—that cursed box was far too brilliant. Some spell lurked in it, which drew me with a force I could not stand against, and made me rush at once upon my ruin! but why thus moralize?"

Let monks go pray, it is too late for me; let common felons suffer on the block, it is too mean a death for me. Thus I laugh at fate—I'm ever unprepared! And ere a single arm could move to prevent him, he had swallowed the contents of a small phial, which afterwards proved to be prussic acid.

The unhappy wretch, who confessed himself to be the same who, under the assumed name of Sand, had filled the country with terror, died within minutes reduced to ashes, and the monuments of industry and enterprise, which a century of toil had reared, tottered and fell in vast blackened ruins. But from such calamities we can recover. Under such afflictions we gather strength, resolution and buoyancy, and like the fabled phoenix springing from her ashes, we rise in brighter forms. The memorials of destruction are effaced, the ware houses of commerce are restored, and the labors of enterprise resume with four-fold energy. Such calamities do not unmake, but make us. But when the lofty tone of mercantile honor, integrity, and stern morals, is lowered—when the craft and cunning, the shrewd overreaching, and the inordinate grasping of the pedler, usurp the spirit and principles of the high-minded merchant—when trade becomes a trick, and mercantile enterprise a game, in which the parties only aim to circumvent each other and sweep the gains into their own coffers—they are ruined indeed without hope and beyond remedy.

We make these remarks because the keen encounter of competition, in this day of intense activity in all mercantile pursuits, tends constantly and powerfully to blunt the moral sense, to deteriorate the better feelings of our nature, and to superintend a narrow, selfish, grasping, immoral sentiment, than which no greater evil can fall us. But space fails us, and we must leave the subject to the readers own thoughts.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

MORALIBANEOUS

MORALS IN TRADE.

No greater mistake is conceivable, than the common one of excluding the principles of high moral character from the calculations of business. There are thousands ready to ask, with astonishment, "What possible connection can there be between a man's moral principles and character, and his success in business matters?" Nor is this all. Not a few are in the habit of imagining that a very strict and conscientious adherence to moral principle is not only no help, but a very serious hindrance to prosperity in trade, and that a man, to get ahead in the world, must at times stretch his conscience a little, overreach his neighbor occasionally, or take advantage of his ignorance or inattention.

Now, without wishing to assume the position of lecturer on morals to mercantile readers, we must be permitted to doubt not only, but deny utterly the expediency, in a business view merely, of disregarding any of the dictates of sound morals in the conduct of business affairs. We must not only deny the necessity of overreaching, any violation of the strictest rules of integrity, or a violence to our own conscience in matters of business, but we are prepared to maintain that every kind and degree of dishonest dealing with our fellow men, is a positive and serious, and often fatal impediment to ultimate success. We believe that a large proportion of the failures of individuals and associations are owing to bad moral principles, or a deficient rule of integrity.

The late Gideon Lee, of New York, a memoir of whose life will be found in the eighth volume of the Merchant's Magazine—himself one of stately build, but our creditors do: and no doubt our most upright, and at the same time most successful business men—was accustomed to and they'll pay you.

predict the ultimate failure of those whose strict uprightness he had seen reason to doubt. On one occasion an individual dealing with him boasted that he had overreached him in a particular transaction. It came to the ears of Mr. Lee who simply remarked that he regretted it for the individuals sake, for, with such principles he could not fail ultimately to over reach himself and get into straits. The event proved the sagacity of the prediction. In a few years the individual in question, from being a man of handsome property, became a penniless dependent upon charity, and applied to Mr. Lee, a great blessing to them and the people. If a little of the time and expense now lavished upon backs and stomachs, were expended in enlightening their minds as to the cause and prevention of disease—of the numerous agents in constant operation to plant in their frames the seeds of physical suffering which must, inevitably, as sure as effects follow causes, undermine their constitutions—make them at an early age, the miserable recipients of one or more of the fashionable maladies, either acute or chronic, accompanied with great physical distress, or depression of spirits, or mental imbecility, or all of them combined—making the sum total of a terrible burden, which often suggests suicide, and which nothing but death itself can grant permanent relief—we say if parents, teachers and guardians would instruct their children and wards in a knowledge of the laws of physiology—the principles of disease, and the means of evading its murderous grasp—it would be worth to the rising generation more than all the tea, coffee and opium—all the rum, wine, and beer—all the confectionaries

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

We present the following summary of News by the Europe, intended for our last number, but unavoidably crowded out. It is of an interesting character, and will give our readers a birds-eye view of matters and things in Europe. Hereafter we shall endeavor to give more full accounts.

Several cases of the cholera are reported to have occurred in London during the past week; 26 fatal cases have been reported. At Edinburgh on Sunday, there had been fourteen ascertained cases, of which seven terminated fatally. Seven cases had also occurred at New Haven.

The trial of Smith O'Brien has resulted in his conviction of high treason. His mainly bearing, his calmness, composure and firmness, as he stood in front of the dock were the theme of observation throughout the court.

Mr. O'Brien said—My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country; that I have done only that which in my opinion it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence. (Cheers in the gallery.)

The Lord Chief Justice then proceeded, amid the most profound and painful silence, to pronounce the extreme sentence of the law upon the prisoner. He said—William Smith O'Brien, after a long, painful and laborious trial, a jury of your countrymen have found you guilty of High Treason. Their verdict was accompanied by a recommendation to the mercy of the crown.

That recommendation as was our duty, we shall send forward to the Lord Lieutenant, to whom, as you must know, exclusively belong the power to comply with its prayer.

The Judge, after a few remarks, said—"It now only remains for the court to pronounce the sentence of the law." Here his lordship assumed the black cap, and amid a silence at once solemn and painful, proceeded as follows—

"That sentence is, that you, William Smith O'Brien, be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you are dead; that afterwards your head shall be severed from your body, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of by her majesty's shall please, and my God have mercy on your soul."

The most profound sensation followed the conclusion of this sentence, and continued to manifest itself for several minutes afterwards.

The excitement in the streets was intense and it was not till a considerable time had elapsed that it subsided.

Several women ran to the gates shrieking and throwing up their arms in violent grief. A large body of the constabulary, with bayonets fixed, were at once marched into the square before the court house; the gaol van, drawn by two horses, was then admitted inside the gates and the prisoners conducted from the cell and placed in it. The vehicle was then driven to the goal, surrounded by constabulary, and the prisoner conducted to his cell.

After a pause, several persons rushed forward to the dock to take farewell of the prisoner; he shook them warmly and affectionately by the hand; he was cool and collected, and his manner was calm and manly; he left the dock with a steady a smiling countenance and was conveyed to the cell or waiting room adjoining the dock.

When the intelligence reached the streets that he had been sentenced to death, crowds of persons collected about the court house, and great sensation was manifested.

DUBLIN, Oct. 11, 1848.

Smith O'Brien is to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Saturday next, at Clonmel. The Lord Lieutenant will not listen to mercy, but is determined to carry the sentence into effect to the letter.

His (Mr. O'Brien's) mother, Lady O'Brien, has flown to the Queen, but she will scarcely have time to do any good, as she only left Dublin this morning.

Notwithstanding this peremptory announcement, the statement was not generally credited. McManus had also been found guilty and sentenced to death. The trial of O'Donnell was going on. Mr. Duffy's was to commence on the 21st.

FRANCE. The National Assembly resolved on Saturday evening, by a majority of 304, that the President of the Republic should be elected by universal suffrage. In allusion to this matter, the correspondent of the Daily News says—

"The chief of the government and the ministry did all in their power to oppose this vote; they were left, however, in a minority 211 against 602, a defeat which must, under any other circumstances than the exceptional state which now prevails, have been followed by the immediate retirement of the government."

On Sunday the Ministerial defeat was the general theme of conversation. They have since tendered their resignation, which had not been accepted.

The candidacy for the Presidency was the prevailing subject of interest. It continues to be the general opinion that Prince Louis Napoleon will be elected.

AUSTRIA. Information has been received of the outbreak of a new and terrible insurrection at Vienna on the 6th inst. The military refused to fire against the Hungarians, part of the National Guards joined in the mutiny, barracks were occupied, the town was sounded, the Minister of

War, Count Latour was killed, and his naked body exposed on a gibbet. In the midst of these scenes the emperor and the other members of the Imperial family left Vienna. They were escorted by 5000 cavalry.

CHOLERA. The name of this dreadful disease is of itself almost as dreadful as many diseases when actually present. When this scourge, some years ago, almost decimated Europe and the east, and crossed the Atlantic to our own shore, all other thoughts appeared to be swallowed up by this. The cholera has reached Europe from the east, and be soon expected here, if it has not already arrived; but it is a great consolation to know that it has, like all diseases, assumed with age a milder form, and that we may reasonably expect that it will be met, when here, by such preventive and curative means as will rob it of most of its violence and terror. At least, so the foreign accounts authorize us to state. A writer from Paris remarks:

"The public mind in England, as well as in France, is becoming very much alarmed on the near approach of that terrible scourge—the cholera. As long as the cholera was confined to the east—Russia, or even still nearer, we read the accounts of its ravages, of the sad misery of decimated families, and it was presently forgotten. We heard that in twelve months or less it would sweep over us and fill our houses with mourning, but with man's usual hope we persuaded ourselves it would never come near us, and we moved on in our busy career—the cholera was forgotten. To-day, however, we hear that it is near our own door, and all—the poor and the rich—the statesmen plotting revolution, and the cobler patching the three worn boughs, stop their avocations, and essay to find some mode which will secure them from the fatal attack. The cholera is emphatically the disease of the poor. It nearly always spares those in rich circumstances, and persons who eat good and wholesome food—who live temperately—preserve a calm frame of mind, free from dread of the disease, are in general quite safe. But the person who picks up here a bit for his breakfast and there another bit for his dinner, both morsels not unfrequently of more than doubtful character, stands in imminent danger."

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VOTING THEMSELVES A FARM.—The following capital anecdote has lost none of its splendor from the fact of its being old, but illustrates in a forcible light a doctrine becoming very popular in the minds of agrarians, a class of people who are not particularly noted for their modes of life. We copy from the Boston Museum: Every one knows, who has followed the course of politics for the past 20 years, the meaning of the above-quoted words. If any one does not, and will take the trouble to watch the fortunes of the political adventurers whose names are now before the people for the highest offices in the people's gift, he will have an opportunity of learning.

The perquisites of office are so notorious, especially at present (says a late vote of Congress of a whole library to each member to be packed and sent to his home at the expense of government) that "voting one's self a farm" is quite an insipid, every day sort of affair. The way it is done is so finely shown up in the following anecdote, that we cannot forbear repeating it.

A great many years ago, (it matters not how many) when the settlers of Massachusetts had become themselves the victims of religious differences, a most party of the most enthusiastic resolved to leave the parent settlement, and find themselves a refuge in the unexplored wilds of Rhode Island.

But the enterprise was upon the point of being abandoned, on account of a difficulty of reconciling their consciences to the enormity of ejecting the rightful owners, whose hunting grounds they had thus unscrupulously intruded upon; and had it not been for the plan devised by the following resolution, the machine would probably be nothing but a howling wilderness.

It was recommended to purchase the land of the Indians at a fair valuation. But the treasury was low. It was motioned to take it by force. But conscience, as before, troubled the elders. At last, with a sagacity worthy of a later age, it was voted to choose a "committee," who, having considered the subject in the light of the Bible, to which all other laws are subordinate, presented the following "resolutions," which were unanimously adopted.

RESOLVED.—That the Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

RESOLVED.—That His saints shall inherit it.

RESOLVED.—That we are His saints.

TREASING ON CORNS.—The Pennsylvania gives humorous account of a case of corn grinding, that occurred in Philadelphia a few days since. It seems that two licks, Brown and Davis, were refreshing themselves with gin-slings at the bar, when Jeremiah Shipley pressed between them and called for a throat rouser.

The call ended in a howl of anguish, for Mr. Shipley's heart at that moment received a smash uncalled for—and looking down, Mr. S. perceived the heavy pedal extremity of Mr. Brown just withdrawing from the unstrung. "I beg your pardon" said Mr. Brown. "No harm done" said Mr. Shipley, who is the very son of good humor. At the same instant his other foot, which bears a good crop of corns likewise, experienced the same kind of torture. Looking down again, he saw the foot of Mr. Davis referring as Brown's had done before. "All avocation—I hope you'll excuse me" said Mr. Davis. "Very excusable" said Shipley, with an agonizing countenance. Here both feet, with their ten toes and twice the number of ears, were put to the torture simultaneously, and Shipley, on investigating the cause, found a foot of gentleman withdrawing on each side. "It's very unlucky" said Mr. Davis. "We are tredded on" said S. Vitas's dance, and can't keep our feet still for two minutes!" "Very singular" observed Mr. Shipley, I have the same complaint in my arms, and every now and then they start just so—and frequently knock down gentle men who are standing along side of me." By way of illustration, Messrs. Davis and Brown were both floured—the soles of the former being cracked against the stove, and the latter, falling among a number of potato bottles, had his good locking features much blighted with the broken glass. The lads I am told on one side and the other, the former being the liability on the other and a general row was started.

The parties were all produced, and after a patient hearing, the Mayor held Mr. Shipley guiltless—but ordered Messrs. Davis and Davis to find him \$200 dollars each, and to embark at Dublin, on their way to Texas, admonished them to beware of the anger of a gentleman.

What their duties are we do not know, but it will not be very presumptuous in them to give some information to the public, even if it were not called for. Perhaps they consider the lead pipe question sufficient to immortalize them.—Should we not have the cholera, it would not be amiss to make some new sanitary regulations.—Should it come six months hence, though the time is short, arrangements might be made to meet it with some hope of diminishing its severity.—Commercial Advertiser.

EMIGRATION.—An Ex-Member of Parliament, some of the Irish gentry, a clergyman of the Established Church, three justices of the peace, a number of wealthy farmers, and persons lately connected with commerce and trade, signed a petition to the Mayor holding the Mayor responsible for the conduct of the emigration society, and advising him to disband it. In Boston we have a Board of Consulting Physicians.

What their duties are we do not know, but it will not be very presumptuous in them to give some information to the public, even if it were not called for. Perhaps they consider the lead pipe question sufficient to immortalize them.—Should we not have the cholera, it would not be amiss to make some new sanitary regulations.—Should it come six months hence, though the time is short, arrangements might be made to meet it with some hope of diminishing its severity.—Commercial Advertiser.

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In the neighborhood of Holliston in the Commonwealth, there is a tower called Regent's Tower. A pleasant answer of a shepherd boy to Sir Richard and Stede, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard Loring observed a boy lying on the ground very attentive reading his book, asked him "if he could tell the way to heaven?" "Yes sir" answered the boy, "you must go up that tower."

At Berlin the poor king of Prussia seeks in drunkenness relief from the troubles of the past, the present and the future. Recently, at the close of a repast at which the queen and the princesses were present, he drank a bowl of punch at once draught, and then, placing the bowl upon his head, exclaimed with the gaiety of a schoolboy, "Who is the crown that is left to me?"

C. W. H. writes:—The water pipes in Boston, the prairies and market men were in the same division. The market men were all robust, healthy looking men, while the poor prairies looked like their shadows. The difference was, one caters for the body, the other for the mind.

C. W. H. writes:—The legislature of Vermont, now in session, have granted the right of way, with the requisite facilities, through the northeastern part of that State, to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company. This is what might be expected from the Green mountain State.

C. W. H. writes:—Frank Smith's bill to the Legislature, notwithstanding its defeat, will be reintroduced on the 1st of November, and will be introduced by Mr. T. C. Taylor, of Bellows Falls, who is a strong advocate of the bill.

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P O I N T R Y .

From the Philadelphia North American.
The Withering Leaves.

BY BUCHANAN READ.

The Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly bier;
A dreary mat over the woodland avens,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs;
From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies, where my footstep leaves
The rustling drifts of the withering leaves.

The flocks pursue their southern flight—
Some all the day and some all night;
And up from the wooded marshes come
The sounds of the peasant's feathered drum,
On the highest hough the mourner crow
Sits in his funeral suit of woe—
All nature mourns—and my spirit gives
At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

Oh! I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life like that year had its season of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty and truth;

And the dove bathed my feet in the valley of youth;
Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.

But youth is a fable—and beauty deceives—
For my footsteps are laid in the withering leaves!

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn—
Or when dragging the ruts I followed them out,
While they tossed the light shivers with their laughter about:

Through the field, with boy-daring, barefooted I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of the man!
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of showers—
While my footstep are laid in the withering leaves!

ANECDOTES AND FUN.

HORSE STORY.

A jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon by one of a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strongly indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auctions of horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I wanted to sell prudely I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a *teedle thin*; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that—What do you tax?"

"One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after."

"That's few dollars for three times; I reckon you may put him in the newspaper once stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good; what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound? Oh, sound as a dollar—shouldn't like to warrant him, though."

"All right; I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by twelve o'clock."

"I just want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, but you may let him go for five."

"Exactly; and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not disposed to be hard, anyhow, I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half only is offered for the animal before you. One dollar and a half going—going."

"Sell him, sir, he's dying," whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have just to pay us fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"Political destruction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, "It's cheap enough; there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! I couldn't give him away at no price, and it would cost two dollars and a half to bury him. Just half a dollar saved—Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough."

A TOUGH STORY.—As I was once hunting on the banks of the Saranac, said John Hawkins, a sportsman famous for shooting, both with a long rifle and a long bow, I saw a fine buck on the other side of the river, and blazed away at him. Just as I drew the trigger, a big salmon leaped up in the stream, right between me and the deer. After passing through him, I found the buck had bored into a bee tree; and the honey was running out a stream as large as a gun barrel. I looked around for something to plug up the hole, but there was nothing at hand but a rabbit. So I caught him up and tried to jam his tail in the hole, but he struggled so hard that he made me mad, and I flung him away so hard that I knocked over three brace of partridges and a woodcock with him.

CONCEALED ERRORS.—A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it.

"In printing," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets more easily off."

RECEIVED, Oct. 17, 1842.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

FREEMAN KEEF, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Thaddeus Keen, late of Sumner in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of the same to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be probated, and then allow the same to be probated and sealed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

CHARLES R. LOCKE, Executor of the late Will and Testament of Samuel B. Locke, of Bethel in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of his administration of the estate of said deceased:

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of the same to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be probated, and then allow the same to be probated and sealed.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

JOHN HUNTER, Administrator of the estate of William M. Walker, late of Bradford in the State of Massachusetts, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased:

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

THE ADMINISTRATOR on the estate of Barnard Jones, late of Turner in said county, deceased, having presented the Report of the Commissioners appointed to the said estate of said deceased; and also a Report of the Commissioners appointed to make a division among the heirs of said deceased, real estate and personalty:

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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